

Conduct Your Own Kinsey Report

Get a clipboard and some mimeographed forms.
Go house to house in a decent neighborhood,
asking whether the lady of the house is happy,
is she getting it regularly, with vigor, elan, etc.
Be clinically blunt: put it to her straight.
Have some photos along: how many positions
can she recognize? experienced? enjoyed?
You may get a free lunch.

Go on the streets in the evening.
Stop girls who look like librarians or music teachers.
They will feel safe in the crowds, so ask anything:
do they keep a pet? ever abuse said pet?
going with opposite sex at present? ever abuse?
ever peek in windows? see anything?
Get name and phone number (if possible)
then follow at a distance until she arrives home.
Peek in her window. Watch her watching
Johnny Carson in her nightgown, hugging a pillow.
Record your reactions on the clipboard form.

Start A Rumor

Start a rumor about yourself:
Say you are part Cherokee Indian.
Say that you got a call from Hollywood.
Say that you understand you have been nominated
for a large grant from a large foundation.
Say you are writing a book about Clifford Irving.
Say you are part Jew.
Write your name on walls all over town.
Sit back and wait for these things to come true.

-- Albert Drake

East Lansing MI

Early Sunday Morning

-- after a painting by Edward Hopper

The light throwing the hydrant
the barber's pole
onto the white cement in long

flat shadows, shadows
that slide back into the ground
like worms caught by light.

The shades are drawn
in the red brick
above these storefronts. You

may see the hand
that lets them up. The hand with arm
at the window, or

later, a woman in white
with hat, pop
out of the doorway and stand,

smelling the chalk cement, pigeon
droppings, damp canvas
awnings, yawn

and turning to her right, click
down the street like a tongue
against the roof of a mouth.

Line Drawing

You fold your head
and arm across the table

like a wing drawn in
or like a grounded kite You

are a Scandanavian Indian listening
to horses distant in the wood

Your cheekbones are so high
they form a butterfly

in the air under your eyes And
when you smile he lights up

and your eyes close like the happy
Chinese ancestor I never had

Girl Sitting Alone At A Party

You have forced your body
into a chair as if insulted.
And now you cock
your head like a bird challenging
a worm already dead. Lips
as officious as a government